

SECRET

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Stash <sup>went</sup> ~~was going~~ to Poland, for the first time in many years, a couple of weeks ago. His father and a brother are living in Warsaw. He visited one of his father's places about an hour by car from Warsaw. To his surprise, his brother and he were welcomed by the Polish officials on the property. The house has been turned into a museum, but many of their former employees recognized them and were not impeded from greeting them effusively. He said he understood that another country place of his father's, now in Russian territory, was also being restored. It must have been quite a house, since its courtyard would contain 50,000 people. Stash is a genial fellow. He seems hard-boiled, but I should imagine, like most Poles, is affectionate and sentimental. After lunch, we all went to the International Antique Dealers' Exhibition at the Victoria & Albert. It <sup>show</sup> is the best of its kind I have ever seen. We deposited Jessie at the Air Terminal, from which she was to take a night plane to Paris.

March 25, 1962 - Sunday

A cold day. Spent it with the family. Wound up with a big spaghetti dinner and television.

March 26, 1962 - Monday

John

Representative Lindsey, of New York, an intelligent, agreeable man, visited me this morning before going back to Washington. Ben Moore ~~had~~ accompanied him, and stayed on for a talk about European integration. I saw John Mellor, who has headed our COCOM delegation here. Three of his associates were with him, including my old acquaintance, Mishell George.

I lunched at Bucks with the Chilean Ambassador, Santa Cruz. He expatiated upon the subject he had mentioned to me some days ago, namely, the deterioration

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By this time, I felt almost as distracted as he did, and backtracked with the French Embassy to see what could be done about getting him a visa next week so ~~that~~ he could meet Sulzberger in Paris upon the latter's return from Rome and Bonn, to one of which he is going tomorrow night.

As a consequence of my excursion into this publishing affair, I missed part of the orientation course put on this afternoon in the Embassy theater for newly arrived members. I led it off, with some welcoming remarks, and more or less followed these brief notes.

I thought those portions of the briefing to which I listened were well done, and though this was an experiment, it should be regularly continued in the future. There is such an ebb and flow of people being assigned or transferred that it is impossible to give them individual indoctrination as to the purposes of an Embassy, behavior, and other ~~things~~ often unheeded advice.

In the course of the day I had a brief talk with Lord Chetwynd, who came here to discuss economic matters, and an hour of conversation with the new Roumanian Minister, Alexandru Lazareanu. He is about 50, was once a journalist, and in 1949 went to Washington as First Secretary in the Roumanian Legation. He reminded me we had met in Paris, where he was Charge d'Affaires at the Roumanian Legation. Since, he has served a term in the Foreign Office at home, and in 1956 was named Deputy Minister. He is a lively conversationalist, with a quick mind. He developed at some length his ideas about the Roumanian plan for a neutral zone in the Balkans. I told him I was unfamiliar with it. He went on to discuss the Rapacki plan. I finally managed to divert him from the blow-by-blow account he was giving me of the two, by suggesting the importance of general, as contrasted with regional, disarmament. I told him it seemed to me the only obstacle to reaching some sort of agreement on this ~~as on nuclear testing~~ was the refusal of the Soviet Government

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